

JUNIOR EDITORIAL CORNER



Junior Call, Market and Third streets, San Francisco, April 9, 1910.

Good Morning, Juniors!

Well, it is good to get letters like those on this page. It brightens up the whole week. I don't suppose you really understand how a man feels when he is getting old—that is, older than he has been, and all the young people forget about him. Perhaps you don't really forget me, but unless you mention me once in a while how am I to know?

But I haven't the courage to scold you. I was exactly the same when I was young. I suppose every one is. Now, when I look back, I see how much happier I could have made people if I hadn't had such a wonderful talent for "forgetting." My, but I was good at that! Oh, not things I wanted myself, you understand. Somehow those never got tucked away in the dark corners of my brain. It was things others wanted, or things they would have liked if only I had "remembered" to do them, but I "forgot."

There was one old lady in particular, who loved to see me run past her window. She said I had such a cheerful bark. I did it whenever I had nothing else particularly interesting. She always had a nice bone or a bit of cake for me. But I never put myself out to please. I thought of her always very kindly, but I never took the trouble to let her know. She is dead now, and I wish I had.

There are dozens of things like that I'm sorry for, now it's too late. One of them was to kiss my grandmother goodby when I was going out for the day. She was such a majestic, proud old terrier, stern outside, but with all the Scotch tenderness underneath. She wouldn't ask me to kiss her, but now I'm getting old myself I know how much she would have liked me to remember without prompting. I guess most of you can think up a few little things like that yourselves.

Make the change right away, Juniors; it pays. It won't cost you much trouble to "remember" to make others happy, and after a while you'll be happier yourselves for doing it.

Yours as ever, ALONZO.

SHORT BARKS FROM ALONZO

Hark, hark! the dogs do bark;
The boys still hold the town.
The cats are mad, but we are glad
The man mayor lost his crown.
For now all day we run and play;
We live in open sight.
We have no fear a poundman's near
To rope us with delight.

Mother taught me this. I'm going to sing it at the boys' ball tonight. If any of you Juniors are there, don't make me laugh. I'll probably be nervous, anyhow, for I never sang in public before.

I'm going to join a fraternity. It must be lots of fun to have the board of education making such a fuss about you.

A mad dog bit a boy last week and the boy's father had the dog shot. I say, do you think that's fair? Would you like to be shot every time you got mad?

I read an article the other day on "What a Child Owes His Parents." I never owed mine anything. Father never had enough "bones" for me to borrow.

I asked the editor to let me write a composition on the subject for next week. There are a few little improvements I have in mind in regard to the poundmaster. The editor refused. She said this was a civilized country. Some women are so chicken hearted.

I hope you'll take an interest in the contest, girls. I'm strong for woman suffrage myself. So would every one be if they could hear mother talk. She's converted dozens. Mother says the only way to make some people see a point is to "bite it in." Mother is generally very successful.

Over Hill, Over Dale

Over hill, over dale,
Through brush through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I do serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see—
These be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
—Shakespeare.

An Epitaph on a Robin Red Breast

Tread lightly here, for here, 'tis said
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
Nor more in lone or leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
Gone to the world where birds are blest,
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But love and joy and smiling spring
Inspires their little souls to sing!
—Samuel Rogers.

Many a man catches on who doesn't know when to let go.

It's the lightweight who always complains that the scales are out of order.

Messages From Alonzo's Friends

Oakland, Cal., 1909 Fifty-first av., April 2, 1910.
Junior Call Editor—Dear Sir: Myself and my brothers have received our buttons and think it is a very novel idea.
We wear ours to school every day and those that have none are very jealous about them. Thanking you, I am yours respectfully,
OTTO NITTLER.
For an attack of jealousy such as you describe tell your friends to take immediately one large Junior Call button.
ALONZO.

Stockton, Cal., 122 North Sutter st., April 2, 1910.
Editor Junior Call: Inclosed please find 2 cents for a Junior Call badge. I would like to join the club and be a friend of Alonzo, as I love smart dogs and like to teach them tricks. Yours truly,
BERTHA DOCKENDORFF.
You can't teach an old dog new tricks, Bertha.
ALONZO.

San Francisco, Cal., 1640 Hayes st., April 2, 1910.
Oh, you Alonzo! Say, Alonzo, old boy, I am stuck on my Junior Call button and it is stuck on me.
ARTHUR JR.
You couldn't be attached to one better, Arthur.
ALONZO.

Salinas, Cal., 302 Capitol st., April 2, 1910.
Dear Sir: Please send me a Junior Call badge. I enjoy the Junior Call very much every Saturday. I like to read the short barks from Alonzo. Give my love to Alonzo. Yours truly,
FRANCES GRIFFIN.
Thank you, Frances.
ALONZO.

Santa Rosa, Cal., April 2, 1910.
Editor of The Junior Call—Dear Sir: I am sending a 2 cent stamp for the postage of the Junior Call pin, which I want ever so much. I am very glad you are giving all the members one. I will feel as proud of my pin as the boy you showed in your paper wearing one of them. Don't let Alonzo go to Europe on his vacation, as one of the girls said in her letter, because I am afraid I wouldn't hear from him so much. Looking forward to the fine button I am going to get I remain your devoted reader,
ROSY MAY CLEGG.

Don't worry, Miss Clegg. I am not going to Europe; at least, not just yet. But when I do I shall write to the Juniors the same as ever.
ALONZO.

Modesto, Cal., R. F. D. 3, box 5, April 2, 1910.
Editor of Junior Call: Inclosed find one 2 cent stamp for which send me a Junior Call club pin. I read the Junior Call every week and enjoy it very much.
Give Alonzo my best regards. Yours sincerely,
ARLINE RICE.
Give my regards to Modesto, Arline.
ALONZO.

Stockton, Cal., 1759 South Sutter st., April 2, 1910.
Editor Junior Call—Dear Sir: Inclosed find 2 cent stamp for which please send me a Junior Call club pin. I like the Junior Call very much and will wear the badge with great pride.
Tell Alonzo, please, that I have been a great admirer of him for the last two years, have put together his cut up pictures and laughed at his short barks, and would like to meet him some day. If he ever gets time to call on his friends tell him if he is fond of hunting to come up some day and we will go snipe shooting. From, yours truly,
EUGENE C. PECKHAM.
Thank you, Eugene. I'll try and make Stockton the first vacation I get.
ALONZO.

SALINAS, Cal., 331 California st., April 3, 1910.
Editor of The Junior Call—Sir: I was reading the Junior Call today when I saw the article about the Junior Call button. I would like to have one very much to show I am a member. Inclosed you will find 2 cents postage.
Tell Alonzo I like his short barks and hope he won't get a cold so he can't bark. Yours truly,
CHARLES JAMESON.
Thank you, Charles, but I never take cold.
ALONZO.

San Francisco, Cal., 1824 Twenty-third st., April 2, 1910.
Dear Sir: I can not come to get my button, so will you please send it to me?
I enjoy reading The Junior Call and I like "Short Barks From Alonzo." My dog's barks are long instead of short. Some day I will send you a picture of my pet dog. She is black, so we call her Midnight, and Middy for short. A little Junior.
EVA JOY COLLIER.
I shall be very glad to meet Midnight, especially as her barks are short. I don't like a woman to talk too much. It doesn't give me a chance.
ALONZO.

San Francisco, Cal., 1730 Bryant st., April 3, 1910.
Editor of The Junior Call, Call Building—Dear Sir: Please find inclosed a 2 cent stamp, for which send me your Junior Call button. Give my best regards to Alonzo. Yours respectfully,
LILLIAN DEPPE.
I'm sending my picture by return mail, Lillian.
ALONZO.

San Francisco, Cal., 4319 Twenty-fourth st., April 2, 1910.
Dear Sir: Inclosed find one 2 cent stamp with which send me a Junior Call club badge. I am very interested in the Junior Call and in Alonzo. Tell Alonzo I wish him all success in entertaining the boy mayor at lunch on Monday. Yours sincerely,
EILEEN ELIZABETH GILBERT.
Mayor Katz and I were very sorry you could not be with us at luncheon, Eileen. The mayor was great.
ALONZO.

The Old, Old Cure

A moderately fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.
"Unhand me, villain," the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed!"
"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on his son's collar, "Not bloodshed—woodshed." — Everybody's.

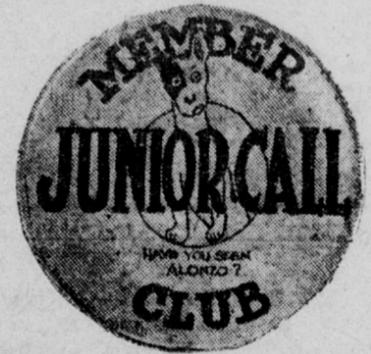
GOT A JUNIOR BUTTON?



SHE HAS HERS

A Junior Call button will be issued free to every boy and girl under 18 who has not already received one.

If you live in San Francisco come to the main business office of The Call, at Market and Third streets, in the corner of the building on the ground floor, or to the branch office of The



THE OFFICIAL BUTTON

Call at 1651 Fillmore street, between Geary and Post streets.

If you live on the Oakland side of the bay, apply for your button at the Oakland office of The Call in the Bacon block in Eleventh street near Broadway.

If you live outside of San Francisco or Oakland, or if for any reason you can not come after your button, inclose your name and address and a



HE HAS HIS

two cent stamp in an envelope and mail it to The Junior Call. The stamp is to pay postage on the button, which will be sent you by mail.

Wear your button. It is a badge in which you can take pride. It shows that you belong to the army of bright young Californians for whose special pleasure and instruction The Junior Call is published.

Get your button and wear it.

Bird's Sense of Direction

The migratory instinct of birds is combined with another equally mysterious, that of the sense of direction. A gentleman engaged in scientific research work for the fishery board on board the government steamboat Gold Seeker recorded a very interesting observation he made of this characteristic of migratory bird life. An oyster catcher that was being buffeted by a head wind in its eastern flight across the North sea toward the continental shores, alighted on the boat. It took kindly to the attention paid to it so long as the boat kept its easterly course, but when the course of the boat was altered a few points to the northward the bird immediately showed signs of uneasiness and after an apparent consideration of its bearings flew into the darkness of the night on its eastbound course. The alteration in the boat's course was revealed to those who were watching the bird only when the compass was examined.